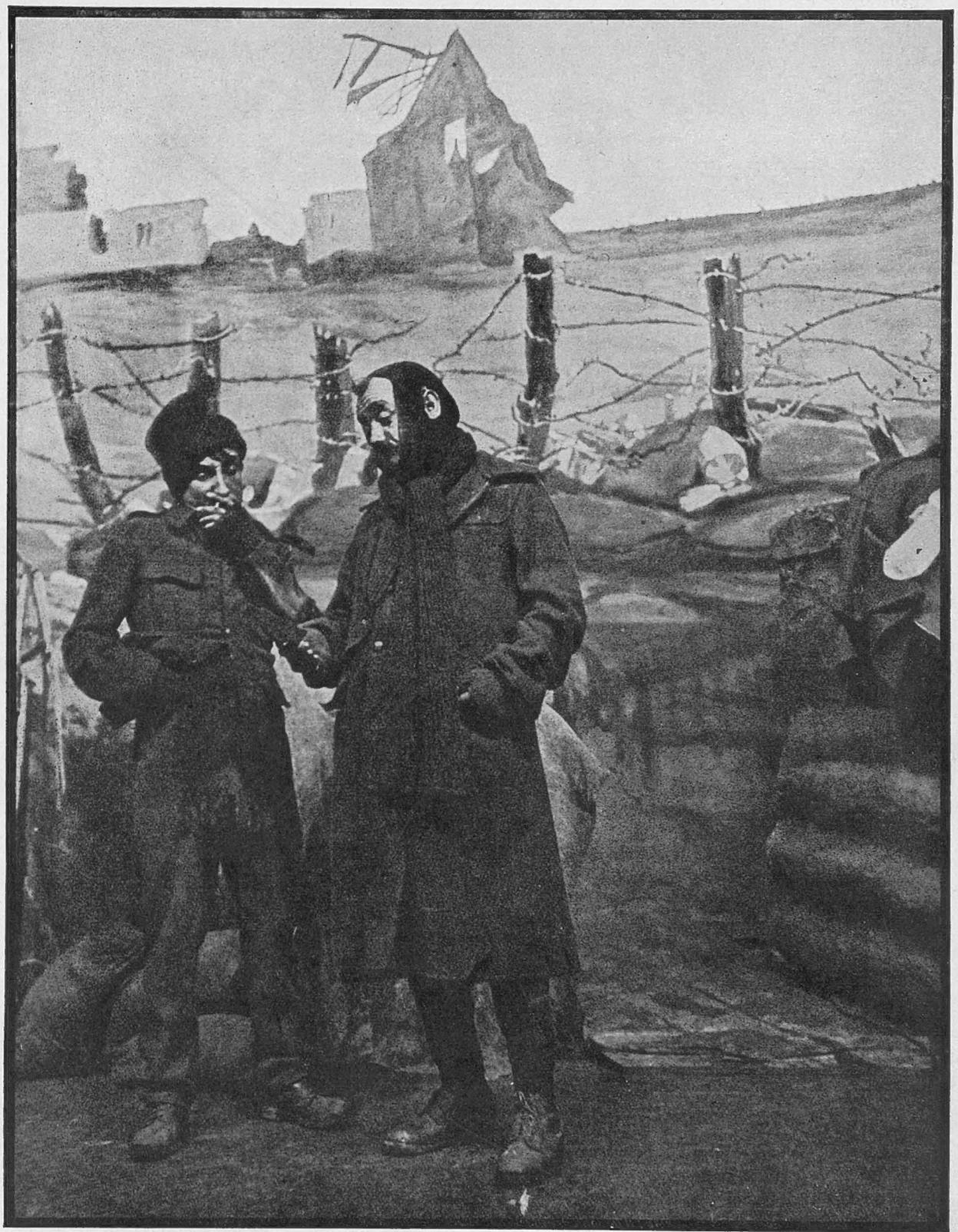
The Bystander, October 4, 1916.—No. 670. Vol. LII

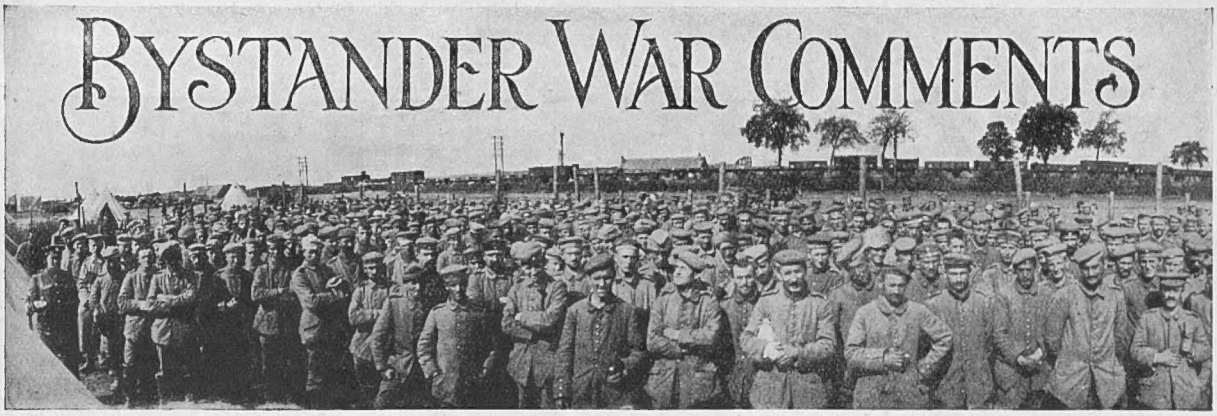
The BYSTANDER



BERT: "'Ere, 'ave a look at this photo of my 'bit'"
OLD BILL: "Hum! Yer likes 'em plain, I see"

(Mr. John Humphries and Mr. Charles Berkeley in "Bairnsfatherland" at the London Hippodrome, the joint work of Captain Bairnsfather and Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings)

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS



Official Photograph *Press Bureau*

PART OF A TWO-DAYS' BAG

A cageful of German prisoners; but only a few of those captured on the Somme front in the fighting round Courcelette and Martinpuich

Haig's Benefit

THE Somme Push is Haig's Benefit. Let us get that fact well into our minds, and not honour a victor the less simply because he happens, this time, to be a Briton. The scheme to attack on the Somme was planned by the British General Staff, and was acquiesced in by our glorious Allies, whose share in the early stages was on a smaller scale, though, as it so happened, more immediately successful. A little sceptical at first, perhaps, our Allies were struck all of a heap, as it were, when they realised what it was possible to achieve, and as the advance progressed they grew even more enthusiastic about it, so I hear, than was Whitehall. Sir Douglas became prime favourite with the French General Staff, and for the first time since the war British stock on the French market went high above par. When Thiepval fell, and we entered Combles at the exact moment as the French—well, the Band of the Garde Républicaine was sent over here to play in London.

⁂ ⁂

Deeds Not Words

THE undoubtable success of the "push" has produced the first of the autumn's spasms of oratory. The German Chancellor and the British War Minister were both seized at the same moment. Each indulged in his particular hate-storm, and each has given the desired satisfaction to those who are influenced by oratory. I do not myself know precisely who these may be in England, though in Germany, evidently, they are a very large percentage of the population. Over here we watch what our men *do* on the battlefield, at sea, and in the air, and we make our calculations as to the duration of the war accordingly. When the punch is as hard as it has been in Picardy, and when Zepps. and submarines are rendered nugatory as weapons of war, we are inclined to hope that, perhaps, the war may be victoriously over by next summer.

⁂ ⁂

"Real English"

IN his great interview with an American pressman, Mr. George re-establishes his position as our first rhetorician, and uses, for the first time in the history of British statesmanship, "real United States." The impression given in America is said to be salutary. Doubtless in a day or two, when Parliament reopens, Mr. Asquith, or Viscount Grey, or one of those who are specially responsible for our "high policy," will give the views of our Cabinet in "real English."

Our Preference

WE are old-fashioned ourselves, and confess frankly that we like "real English" in the mouths of our *statesmen*; also, we like issues which involve the lives and limbs of millions of our precious citizen-soldiers to be discussed in other terms than those of racing—especially the curious kind of racing that Mr. George seems to have looked to, look you, for his metaphors.

⁂ ⁂

The Panic-Stricken "English"

I SEE that respectable old paper, the *Frankfort Gazette*, is quite satisfied that great panic reigns "among the English" as a result of the Zepp. raids. When will our dear old contemporary realise that there are nowadays *no* "English" in any collective sense at all? There are soldiers to the number of five millions, sailors, munitioneers, profiteers, Government officials, "reserved" tradesmen, old men, women and children. Zepp. raids have no influence whatever on any of the classes that are engaged in the actual war, for those that are killed or injured are automatically replaced by others.

⁂ ⁂

More Hate

AS to the women and children—yes, if a Zepp. is on the way, a certain small percentage of these will hurriedly take shelter, while quite a small percentage will faint. After a raid, quite a number of those who have been in its near vicinity will hope that they will be spared for a bit from a re-visit. But nowhere is any "panic" that exists able to influence in the tiniest degree the actual conduct of the war, save in the direction of usefully increasing our reserve of hate-power.

⁂ ⁂

The Dumb Pacifists

IF such persons as Pacifists exist the effect of a Zepp. raid, or any other exploit of frightfulness, is to shut their mouths. They realise that attempts at argument or negotiation with the men responsible for the butchery of innocents are futile, and they cease to utter a word. Many of them, who a year or so ago had a dim hope that there might be *some* Germans with whom it might be possible to "talk" at some time, now believe there are none, and if there were they now decide that they wouldn't talk to them at the end of a telephone as long as the earth's circumference.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Wrong Way Up

WE must wait and see, of course, but our Balkan schemes do seem once again to have been "mesop'd," as the saying goes. We started the autumn with the initiative, and a brand new ally. The Germans, as before, have seized the former, and seem on the verge of strafing the latter. It should have been *our* attack on the enemy in the Dobrudja and simultaneously in Macedonia, not, as was the case, his attack on us.

Why Not Have Got Our Blow in First?

WHY, with an Army waiting for nearly a twelvemonth, composed of Britons, French, Russians, Serbs, Italians, and others, we should have let the Bulgars strike first, heaven only knows. The excuse that the Greek attitude made things uncertain will not wash. The Allies had it in their power utterly to stop any of "Tino's" intrigues. Even if they had not actually deposed him, they could have declared all territory above the Gulf of Corinth to be Allied *pro tem.* and forbidden any Greeks other than Venizelists to pass it without permission. The Mediterranean navies, through no fault of their own, have not covered themselves with glory during this war, and if it has to be said that they weren't even allowed to blockade Greece—well, there will be a good deal of wondering why.

Use the Volunteers

THE Southern Counties were disappointed indeed that Lord French was not able to inspect in person the great Volunteer turn-out of Sunday. If he had any doubt as to the fitness of this Cinderella of our military forces, Sunday would have removed it. The position is that the Volunteers are at the moment in as high a state of efficiency as—or higher than—were the Territorials at the beginning of the war, and they number several hundreds of thousands. True, most of them are either over age or "sheltered." But, in the event of invasion, they should, and would, be able to mobilise for active home service. Is it necessary to keep a large number of effectives on home service duty, when we have in reserve a force that could take the field well in time to deal effectively with any Germans who succeeded in getting over here? Does the invasion scare still obsess Whitehall? If so, where is it supposed the Germans, who cannot maintain their front in France, would raise the men for such a desperate adventure in the teeth of an unbeaten British Navy?

More German Copyrights Infringed?

THE "Tanks" are "inhuman, barbarous, brutal, and useless," and, in any case, the Germans invented them first! And what is the real method adopted to bring down those Zepps.? When the Germans know it, perhaps they will once again claim that it is inhuman, brutal, barbarous, and—their copyright.

General Long Speaks Out

AS so eminent a soldier as Major-General Long, formerly Director-General of Transport (the man who got the first Army out to France, fed it, clothed it, and munitioned it), is giving his attention to demobilisation, the rest of us may be pardoned if we, too, interest ourselves in that topic. He writes in the October *Nineteenth Century* an exceedingly suggestive and practical article which everybody

(Continued on page 11)

HOLLWEG SQUEALING AGAIN

"If you say a thing three times it must be true!"

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"Bystander"

"Fragments *from* France"

By

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

ought to read. Analysis of the General's conclusions is more suited to a heavy-weight journal, and doubtless he will get it from right and left and centre.

❀ ❀

The Soldier—What will he Become?

For myself, there seems to be one cardinal problem, and that is: Will the demobilised soldier be treated as a man and a citizen, who has done his job as per contract and earned his discharge without question asked as to what he intends to do with himself, or will he be regarded as a cog in a newfangled piece of State machinery that has been designed in his absence for purposes of which he neither knows nor necessarily approves?

TWO SCENES FROM "BAIRNSFATHERLAND; OR, THE JOHNSON 'OLE"

Now being played at the London Hippodrome. The part of the "Sea Lion" is played by Mr. John Humphries, and the whole sketch is reflective of the spirit of "Fragments from France"

❀ ❀

Will the State Decide—or the Man?

To take a case in point. One may, in peace-time, have been a very wicked journalist who, by occult influences and intrigues, secured the conduct of a journal. At the call of King and Country one has gone—on the strict understanding that at the end of the war, or of three years, one will be allowed to resume one's nefarious undertakings as before. When the war ends is said journalist, instead of being told to "'op it," in the words of Captain Bairnsfather's Bert, to be subjected to some wholly unexpected process of examination of his mind, body, and soul, his bumps, veins, palms, physiognomy, psychology, anatomy, and so forth, with a view to the State's deciding, on his behalf, exactly what shall be his future sphere of utility—or futility? If so, however amusing to the State the process may be, *it wasn't in the contract*, and I can quite imagine some strong language being used thereupon by Tommy from the trenches.

❀ ❀

Anyway, Not the War Office!

If a scheme there is to be, however, General Long's seems at least to be practical, sympathetic, and well thought out. No man better knew, loved, and looked after the inner Tommy during his time of service than the late Director of Transport, and what he proposes has about it, at least, no trace of red tape. Among other things, General Long is all against the War Office handling the demobilisation problem. So far, so very good.

(*Continued on page 12*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 11)

The Press-Gang in a New Form

THE section of the Press that started the latest edition of the "combing-out" controversy—that is, the discussion of men in terms of lice—suddenly ceased fire. Perhaps somebody in authority realised that of all methods of increasing our armies Press bullying is the very worst. True, there are thousands of men engaged in administrative work at Government offices, and in businesses, who might be in the trenches. But quite as large a number of equally able-bodied men *in khaki* are engaged in doing precisely the same kind of non-combatant work at equal distance from the Front. As a matter of fact, a very large percentage of men engaged in conducting a world-wide war must sit at desks, and a man is not necessarily engaged less usefully with his pen, or typewriter, at the end of a telephone, or a telegraph, because he happens, by chance, to be wearing mufti instead of khaki.

A ROYAL WAR-WORKER

The Duchess of Connaught, at Government House, Ottawa, working at her knitting machine, with which she has made over 1,000 pairs of socks for the Canadian soldiers

❋ ❋

The Soldier-Clerk

THE point remains exactly where it was when Mr. Churchill made his "Physician, comb thyself," speech. If an addition is wanted to our bayonet strength, why does not the Army help itself from the vast reserve it already has instead of worrying itself about untrained men who are wanted by the Government for work at home which they are experienced in? If, as a result, the Army finds itself short of staff workers, then why should not the Army avail itself of the services of that alleged enormous legion of men over age, women, and youths, and release from sedentary and other non-combatant work the very large number of *soldiers* who are reluctantly employed thereupon?

❋ ❋

The Able-bodied Chauffeur—

ELDERLY men and young women, among other things, can drive motors. How is it that it is necessary to retain on street duty every day so large a number of young and fit soldier-chauffeurs as one sees outside so many offices of war and military depots?

❋ ❋

—And Zeppelin Guards

I HAPPENED to be at the nameless place where one of the fallen Zepps. lay in fragments, and having wondered at the vastness of the wreckage, found myself next wondering at the very large number of young, able-bodied soldiers and naval reservists who were on the spot guarding the wreck, and preventing the public getting a near glimpse—or a souvenir—of it. And on the way back, in an evening paper, one read of tribunals handing over to military escorts forty-year-old married men, with families and infirmities, and wretched, weedy, pale-faced youths with qualms or alleged consciences. One felt it was, indeed, time Mr. Churchill played that tune of his again, fortissimo, with the loud pedal.

Photograph *Rouch*

THE EIGHTH EARL OF ESSEX

Who has just succeeded to the title, with his son, Viscount Malden, and some of his favourite pack of beagles. This photograph was, of course, taken before the war. Lord Essex has been serving as a lieutenant in the Remount Department.

Oh, East is East and West is—Rotten!

MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (IN HELMET)

Germany's one hope of victory. He is seen starting from his headquarters on one of his rapid tours of inspection, and is now, presumably, somewhere in the East or South-East of the war theatre. Recent events do not suggest that the West is engaging the great man's attention. It will be wise of the British to watch the old Marshal with respectful attention, and not too prematurely to assume that he has shot his bolt. He is an enemy worthy of the best steel that comes from Sheffield, and to beat him is not going to be the diversion of a bank holiday

A Word for Wilson

BY AN AMERICAN SUPPORTER

[Note by Editor.—*The defence of Mr. Wilson is entirely the writer's own view, and* The Bystander *must not be supposed to be biased in any way in the U.S. Presidential Election.*]

PRESIDENT WILSON
An interesting study of whom, by an American, is given in the accompanying article

We have not yet forgotten, we sensitive ones, our debt of gratitude to Mr. Arnold Bennett. When that stern realist put down his first inclination and did *not* call his book about us "Them United States" he did us a good service. For, having grammar and spelling (for one), we might aspire to birth and behaviour. Eventually we allow ourselves politics.

❀ ❀

And having politics we have Mr. Woodrow Wilson, that pathetic and haggard figure with a shining past before him. Literally, for we know with an impassioned certainty that Mr. Wilson's achievements these two years will be not inglorious in history. Unfortunately, he is a candidate for re-election, and party politics is stranger to gratitude and to history.

❀ ❀

I have been told in England that the world will never forgive Mr. Wilson for having betrayed the United States by not protesting against the invasion of Belgium. And I have been told that no one in England expected or desired such a protest. It has been said that he has assumed a superior attitude toward the war and its causes, and it is charged that he desires his country to take part in the final negotiations as a belligerent. Many things are said, but this one thing at least we know: that Germany hates him.

❀ ❀

We go back to the agony of August, 1914—to the dreadful weeks which ended on the Marne—when we, too, hoped and prayed that our country might not stand apart. And we know now that if Mr. Wilson had violated the spirit and the letter of the Hague Conventions, as accepted by his country, if he had gone further and violated the one dominant tradition of American foreign policy by the faintest official interference in the Great War, he would have found himself a ruler without a country. The vehement and thoughtless Mr. Roosevelt, seven weeks after the war began, fully recognised the impossibility of a protest. It was only after the necessities of a campaign began that Mr. Wilson was widely criticised for adhering to a policy which was fixed in America's national life.

❀ ❀

It is hard writing about this thing, and harder still to write or think about the *Lusitania* and the disgrace which came after. The disgrace is not Mr. Wilson's, be assured. He found himself with a country divided, with a Congress which more than once, and once even in the most serious crisis since the Civil War, definitely threatened to make over to Germany every American right on the high seas. He prosecuted to the last possible item an unheard-of warfare—those very Notes at which we have all had our fling. He won from Germany a reluctant promise, and if that promise be not kept the dolorous years will have nothing serious or sacred for us. We have read in English naval publications that "Wilson's Notes did the trick," and we have heard a minor strain of the Hassengesang when German papers complained that "our submarines are caught in a net of Notes." And we have baffled and hindered our President, and scorned him. He alone has been faithful.

❀ ❀

The merry side of all this is that Mr. Wilson, if he is defeated, will have no regrets. For the campaign has actually nothing in the world to do with foreign policy. Mr. Wilson's opponents are the pro-Germans (unless their Government has seen fit to instruct them otherwise), a few violents who would have the country at war, and the moneyed interest which demands a protective tariff for American industry. The trade war is only a pretext. The one great desirable thing is a tariff wall. Mr. Wilson destroyed it. He must be destroyed.

❀ ❀

The moral of that is that if Mr. Wilson is returned there will be at least a minimum of decency, at least a trace of good feeling, in trade relations with the world after the war. If not—the American business interests may well be trusted to do for themselves.

❀ ❀

In that there is little to rouse passion or poetry. In Mr. Wilson there is. He has, by sheer force of personality, reconstructed the financial system of the country, he has compelled the passage of legislation ardently desired, always blocked by the ubiquitous special interest. And he has restored, after a century, the tradition of fineness to American statesmanship. Faults he has. In many cases his idealism has led him far astray. But that is a small price to pay in a country where idealism is still suspect and condemned.

❀ ❀

It is rumoured that Mr. Wilson is a democrat—that he believes in the people. For two years there has been precious little humour in his life. We are permitted to wonder whether his humour will save him if the people he trusts betray him in November. Of course, it's not serious. The United States will go on, the gem of the ocean a little tarnished. In the long run, as the comfortable phrase has it, all may be well. Democracies move in mysterious ways their peculiar wonders to perform.

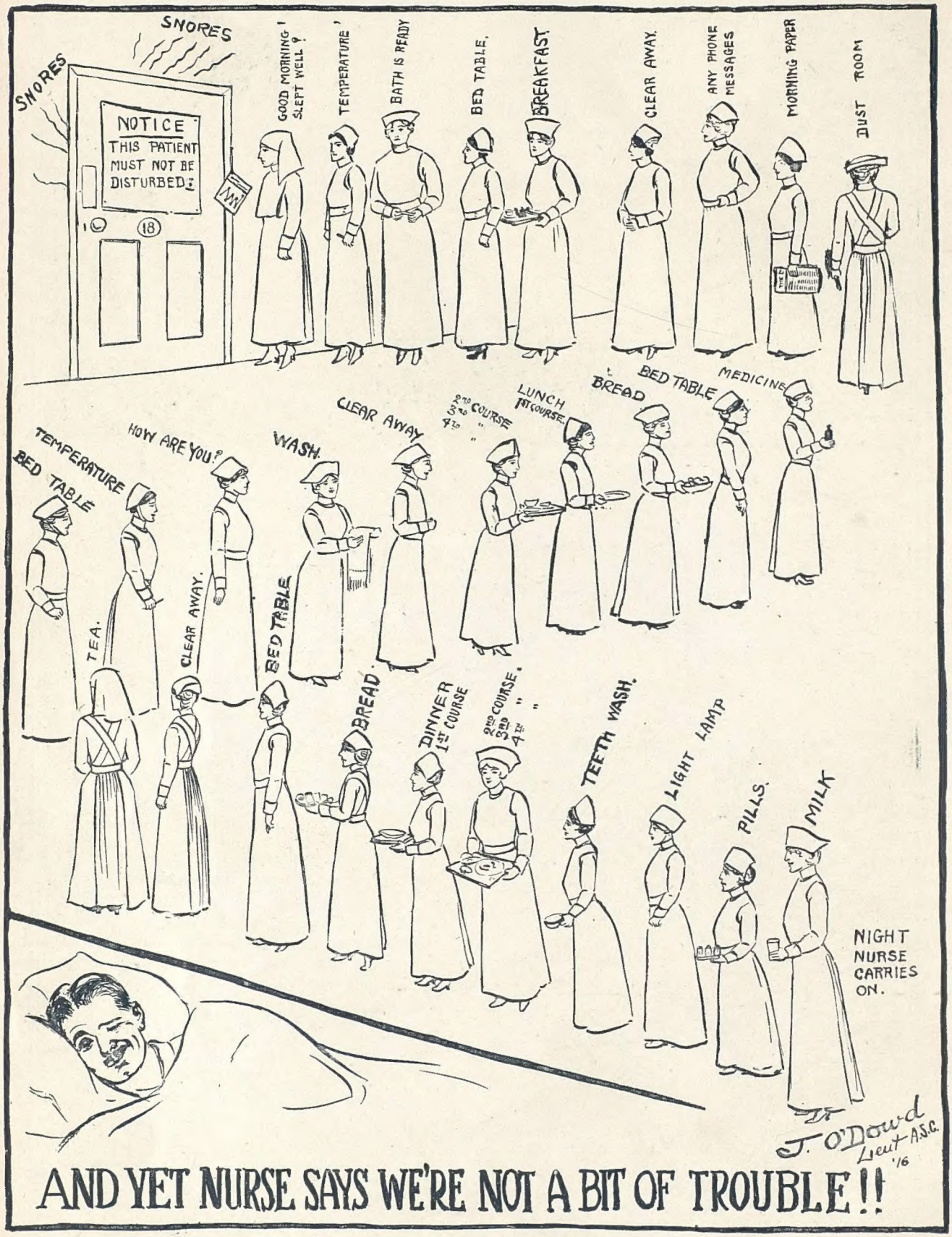
For pure consolation there is nothing like a scrap of poetry.

G. V. S.

"More Fragments from"—Germany!

Part of the remains of the wrecked raider, crippled by gunfire and brought down by aeroplane in the early hours of Sunday, September 24, "somewhere in Essex"

Who Wouldn't be a "Wounded"?



Sketches presenting vivid impressions of a "casualty" of the general efficiency of the system by which he is cared for by a grateful Government

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"Give fancy her head and no one can contradict you"

LONDON, *October 2*, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

FEARFUL colds we've all got in England now. But not because—

". . . Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt."

It's these Zepp. nights that work such havoc on our constitutions. Of course, at the time excitement keeps one up. But you can't stroll about in and out of your front door in the small hours at this season of the year clad only in your nightie and the nearest *saute de lit* without feeling the effects somewhere, sometime, somehow.

❀ ❀

STILL, to see a Zepp. brought down—it's worth all the money, not to speak of a nasty cough and a horrid head, and even that last extremity of plainness which a really bad cold brings down upon even the prettiest and fluffiest. Venus herself, I guess, wasn't at her best with incipient influenza, and you can't be fluffy in a Shetland shawl and a small thing in sheets 'stead of the usual square inch of muslin embroidery.

❀ ❀

OF course, there's colds and colds. I mean, there's a sort of a kind of a patriotic glow about a Zepp. one that you miss in the common or garden variety. That sort, you know, you rather deserve, really—'cos of the frailty of the right kind of stockings and the tremendous *décolleté* of everything. All the same, no one's altogether sorry there's a moon this week, and so, with luck, no Zepps.; though as a Sunday morning amusement for the masses possessed of motor-cars, donkey-carts, or push-bikes, Zepp. hunting, I understand, simply hasn't its equal.

❀ ❀

FOR the frivolous it provides just the sort of post-dance excitement which is usually so sadly lacking these war days, when all-night diversion is but poorly catered for, and not altogether approved of. And for *hoi polloi* it's something to do on a day when life's a blank with the music-halls closed and the public-houses on short time-limits. I'm told even the utterly brainless get fed-up with too much "pictures."

❀ ❀

AS a subject for conversation—there hasn't been such a topic, of course, for months and months. Marvellous enough in plain fact, it's one you can give fancy her head with—and who's to contradict you? And unlike that other question of the hour, the need for men, it's a safe one. This "combing-out" business, for instance, has to be touched on delicately. The comb, you see, has still to get to work in so very many places.

❀ ❀

ONE hears, by the way, that the authorities really do mean to do this job thoroughly—astonishing though that may seem. If they *don't*—well, the alternatives are so very few, aren't they? But they say they're going for all the young unconscripteds in Ireland before they raise the age-limit. England, you see, has got to provide the money for all the other fighting countries as well as the men for herself. And conscripting the man of forty-five is rather like killing the goose that lays the golden egg—not to speak of putting the lid on the taxpayer.

❀ ❀

WE'RE back at winter-time this week, and in many menless households I hear of great demoralisation amongst clocks—it hurt their little insides being pushed back an hour last Sunday. Not that clocks, of course, are on their best behaviour anywhere in England now, winter-time or summer. You see, from the Dark Ages it's been one of our national beliefs that it takes a man's brain to understand a clock, the female mind being too intrinsically untidy to grasp its subtle intricacies. So when they've all

(*Continued on page 18*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 17*)

suddenly got wound-up (or not wound-up) by mere women, some of the old "grandfathers" and things naturally haven't liked it. Clocks are dreadfully conservative.

❋ ❋

THE price of our advance in France is a frightfully long and heavy one, and the casualty lists are really terrible. But it's very true, I suppose, that what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over—not very deeply, anyway. October in London is always charming and delightful, and with money being simply poured out on dressing and dining and diversion there's really very little that's warlike about the old town, except for the wounded, who increase and multiply, and the khaki that's everywhere. Obviously there's still even yet any amount of man-power being wasted. One can't help wondering—shall we muddle through, still wasting it, or before the end will every scrap be needed and be taken?

"And the grandfathers and things naturally haven't liked it"

BUT, of course, it's mostly on the surface—all the froth and the frivolity. Underneath, in hundreds of homes and thousands of hearts, there's anxiety being heroically borne and mourning that's dulled life's joy for ever, and that only merciful time can take the bitter edge off. And behind the scenes, too, thousands of men, and thousands of women, too, are giving up all their leisure and all their former pleasures to take their part in England's great adventure.

❋ ❋

AS for the pleasure side, that goes on same as usual, and, in some places, even a little more so—well, in part, anyway, it's for the diversion and delectation of our fighting men, so if they're amused it doesn't matter, even if some of it *is* a little bit thick for war-time. But, as one of them remarked at a *very* leggy revue in which the charms of the chorus ran to anything but emaciation and their kicks to anything but delicacy—"Useful war-work, what?"

TALKING of clothes, or, rather, the lack of them, many, many thanks to the kind and charming person who sent me such a useful bundle in answer to a request for contributions towards an active service theatrical wardrobe. It has been duly despatched to France, where, I'm sure, it'll do its bit nobly in providing cheerful diversion for our men out there, some of whom are a little war-sick, you know, it it *is* "the life"—war's *so* much more romantic to read about than to make. When I get the acknowledgments of the soldier show-producer I'll send them along. Meanwhile, my own most grateful ones.

❋ ❋

SEEMS, by the way, that a change from the eternal khaki is much appreciated in France. "I've just bought some ab-so-lute dreams of silk pyjams," writes a gunner-man from the Front, "some with pale blue and some with pale green stripes, and my gun detachments can hardly tear their eyes off me when I turn out to do an early morning shoot in them. You know, after eighteen months of flea-bag sleeping one appreciates silk, so it isn't really an extravagance."

❋ ❋

ONE of our valiant voluptuaries, this gallant gunner-man. "When," he wanders on, "when of a morn I rouse me from my old and perfumed flea-bag, drink a large, coarse cup of ration tea, and smoke the remains of last night's pipe, I love to imagine you, Blanche, in a light clean room, in silk and lace, with your hair (*don't* tell me you put it in curl-papers!) falling over your shoulders as you drink the fragrantest of China tea, eat the thinnest of bread and butter, smoke—is it a Russian?—cigarette, and purr over the morning's batch of letters. By the way, would you like to have Marmaduke, my pet sucking pig, instead of the dragon dog?"

❋ ❋

AH, well, as Napoleon said, imagination rules the world, and if it weren't for it, as someone else remarked, a man would be just as happy kissing a milkmaid as a duchess. But as for the curl-paper part, I don't think they're done now, Roger—not in the Zepp. season, anyway. And I wouldn't part with the D.D.D. for a million Marmadukes.

❋ ❋

REMINDS me, I'm delighted to hear again of Driver Bunch, who, you'll perhaps remember, is the only Pekinese at the Front. He's been through it, poor darling, with distemper since last I heard about him, and also had a narrow escape. "His master, who now fills the difficult and dangerous post of adjutant, found a store of old Boche bombs, and began throwing them from a trench—which furiously excited Bunch, of course. The first two detonated well, and Bunch rushed after the third, jumping on to it as it landed. By Heaven's grace it was a dud, or Bunch would have gone up in bits!

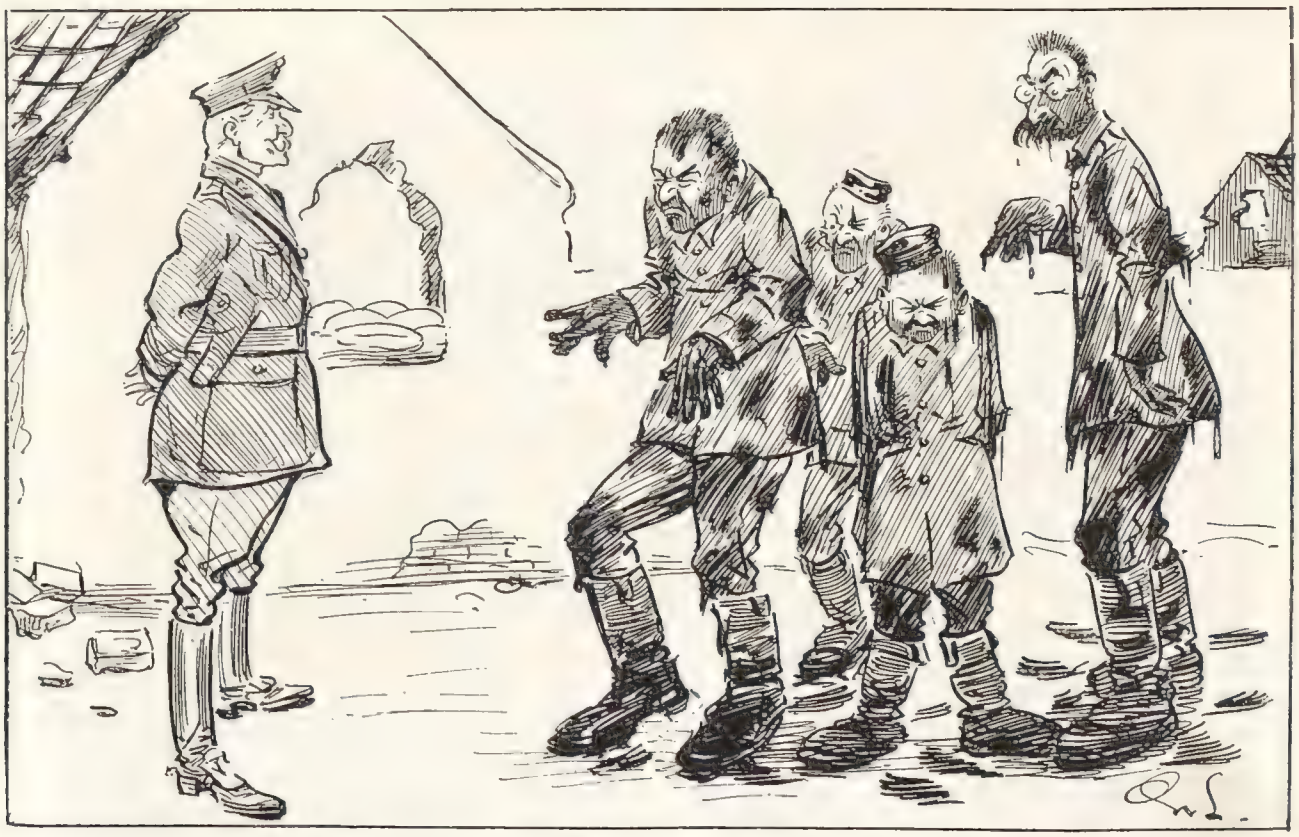
❋ ❋

"ANOTHER time William the Hun blew in our mess dugout with an 8-inch. Bunch was completely buried and wounded on the nose, but he's

(*Continued on page 20*)

Another Victory!—by German Wireless

"AT DAWN THIS MORNING WE INVADED ENEMY TERRITORY—



—MOST OF WHICH WE STILL HOLD"
—Berlin Official

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 18*)

a thorough little sportsman and isn't in the least gun-shy." The rest of this gunner's menagerie haven't been quite so fortunate. "Lena the monkey, to put it colloquially, has the "wind up." She simply hates shells, and knows quite well the difference between our own going over and the Huns arriving. She got into such a state of nerves that she had to be sent down to the waggon lines. She literally was a gibbering idiot.

❋ ❋

"PETER, the wire-haired terrier, has also gone—on the march one day he walked ahead and just disappeared out of sight, and this after costing me fifteen francs for maimed and disabled cocks and hens! Sophocles, the tree frog, do you remember him? He was given a swim in a puddle of water, left there and completely forgotten, and never seen again. I've nothing else to tell you about. This great advance of ours is really very boring (except to Beach Thomas, who must have the eyes of a hawk and the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe)."

❋ ❋

AFTER which I shouldn't think anyone will ever again have the "face" to write and say that if I'll kill the Peke they'll give me a Dog. I'd rather own Driver Bunch, with his royal and ancient lineage and his war-scarred nose and his shell-tried nerves and the gorgeous pluck of the tiny thing, than all the "Dogs" in the world, wouldn't you?

❋ ❋

SUPPOSE, by the way, you know that the first that came to England was given to Queen Victoria. She called it "Lootie," because Lord John Hay lifted it from the Summer Palace at Peking, where for untold centuries the Chinese Imperial family had guarded the breed so jealously that it was death at sight to take one out of the Palace.

IN the country they'll shoot the pheasants this week, and there's a First October at Newmarket—a delicious meeting in pre-war days, and I think that's all about in England now this week. But here's a solution an R.T.O. man has just sent me from France, which may interest those who've travelled there. "I am glad to say," he writes, "I have at last discovered the real reason for the hopelessly late running of all trains in France. They whistle so much they've no steam left for anything else at all. I would give you a slight idea of a French *chef de gare* receiving a train which has come in he knows not from whence, and about whose destination he is equally uncertain, if it were not that 'Harry Tate and his Two Boys' alone could do justice to such a subject."

❋ ❋

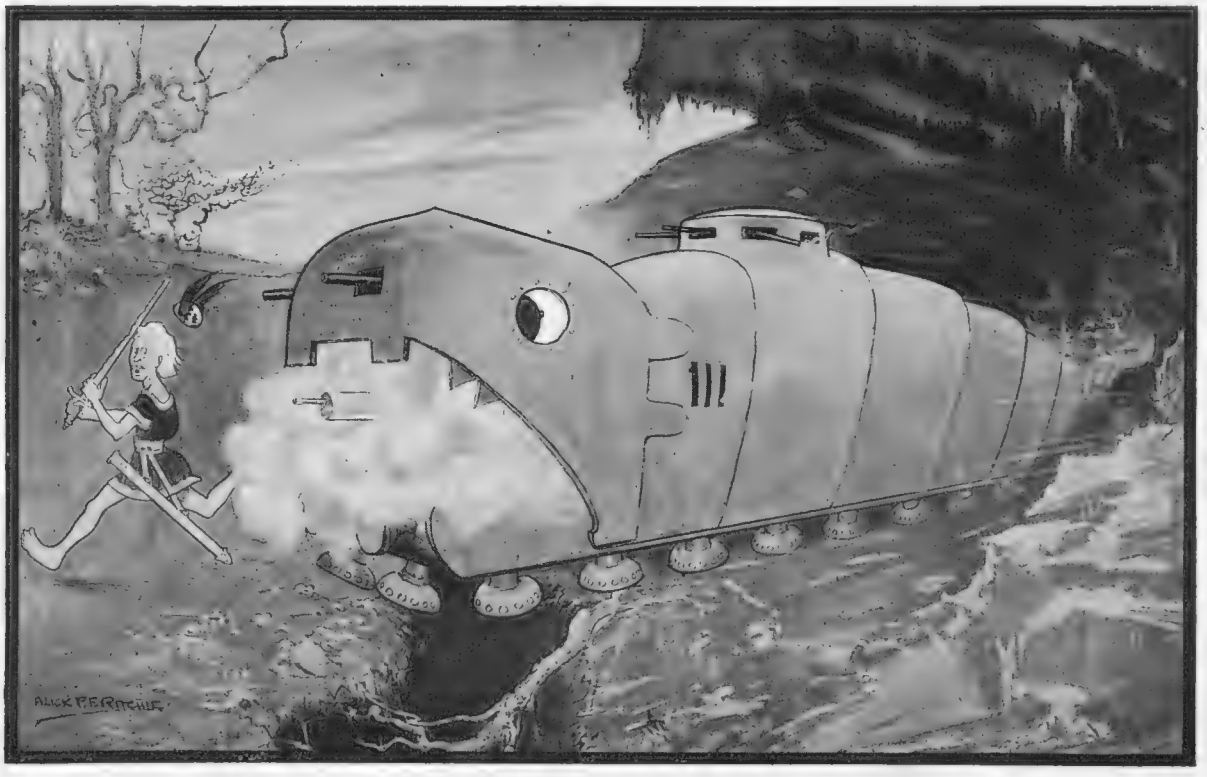
ANOTHER, a Grenadier this one, who hopes to goodness that I'm not a man. "Anyhow, I'm taking the risk and trusting that you *really do* get letters and poems and things, as you say you do," tells me the only tale he knows that's fit for publication (which shows what dogs they are in the Guards, even in these degenerate and sadly Socialistic days, doesn't it?). A batch of Hun prisoners were being examined after capture. They were told of all the prisoners we've taken lately, and one of them insisted that there were any number of reserves left. Whereupon a little Alsatian chipped in: "Doch meine Grossmutter ist noch immer zu Hause!"

❋ ❋

BUT, of course, *the* best stories of the week have been about the "Tanks." And not the least amusing those about who *really* invented them. At least a dozen people did, to date, and I'm thinking of putting in a claim myself. After all, the more the merrier, and no one, surely, would contradict

Yours ever,

BLANCHE



NOT THE KIND HE WAS USED TO

THE NEW SIEGFRIED (on catching sight of the new kind of Dragon): "I'm off back to Germany"

Getting Right With His Victims

THE KAISER MAKES PREPARATIONS—FOR THE FUTURE OF HIS "WOUNDEDS"

Already Germany is at work providing for the future of her wounded soldiers. Settlements of cottages are being built for their accommodation at Reichenbach and in many other parts of their country

In his war panoply the All-Highest visits some of the victims of his ambition in hospital at Hamburg

Springing up at the Bureaucratic word of command is a township wherein the wounded soldiers of the Kaiser's armies may meditate on the non-fulfilment of his dreams of 1914

"What's Bred in the Bone . . ."

Lieut. O. P. Corner (late of the Colidrome Theatre, where he has been stage manager for so many years) forgets himself in the heat of the moment, and shouts to his ammunitionless machine gunner, "Business with gun, old Boy"

[PASSED BY CENSOR]

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Bordeaux

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

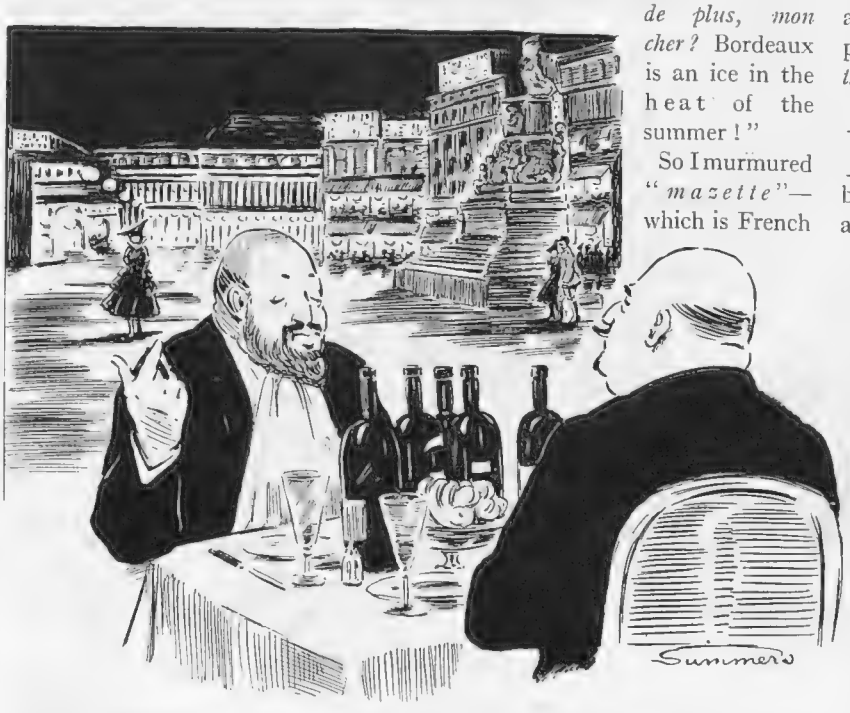
I AM two years, a month, and I forget exactly how many days younger. I know, of course, that there is a war going on, because even in Bordeaux I keep meeting strangely dressed soldiers in the streets, and some of them wear military medals, and some of them are wounded, and some of them wear their uniforms as smartly as they can to show how readily they would go and be wounded if they had the opportunity. And I saw a Canadian Red Cross man in the Rue Ste. Catherine just now, helping two wounded French *poilus* as they hobbled along. But here in Bordeaux people stopped at gape at this "extraordinary sight." Just as we should have stopped and stared at it in Paris years ago, when the war was still young.

"In a Bordeaux café"

THE streets of Bordeaux, at night blaze with light, the cafés are crowded from morning to evening, to say nothing of the afternoon, and as for the music-halls—well, I am not very voluminous, but the best thing they could do for me there, whenever I tried to get in, was to give me half a seat. I think I like Bordeaux. They know how to divide their seats. My neighbour was . . . but hush! Let us dissemble!

JUST before leaving Paris I had called on a friend from the south to ask him for a pointer or two. He threw up his hands, and he threw out his arms, and his "r's" rolled like distant artillery. Then he exploded into "*mong-bongs*" and "*bong-sangs*," and "*tonnerrre de tonnerrres de foudrrre* (be careful) *de Dieu's*," and told me that Bordeaux was the most beautiful town in the world. "There is room there," he said, "there is space, there is brightness. He loved it, your Black Prince! You will find there the Lion of Northumberland and the Banque of Monsieur Lloyd. *Qu'est-ce que vous voulez je vous dies de plus, mon cher?* Bordeaux is an ice in the heat of the summer!"

So I murmured "*mazette*"—which is French for "lawks a mercy," and I took my ticket.



"The street at night as bright as Piccadilly Circus was in 1913"

BORDEAUX certainly is a beautiful town. But it is one thing more. It is the one unique and only neutral town in France. It has been wondrously prosperous ever since the war began. In one small confectioner's shop, where I bought Guinettes *a l'eau de vie* (*nyum! nyum!*) the charming lady in command told me that her business had trebled during the last two years, and that she had sold £12 (twelve pounds sterling) worth of sweets *that afternoon. Some* sweets, what?

I HAVE always been a devil for asking questions, and when I began, on my arrival in Bordeaux at seven o'clock in the morning, to ask them, I was made to feel like our friend Bairnsfather's friend, Bert. Bert, you remember, with all his leave clobber on, asked a French porter something about his train, and the Frenchman explained. "Yus," murmured Bert, as the Frenchman danced to explain matters, "Yus! and *'ow does the chorus* go?"

IN the yard just outside Bordeaux Station I asked a quiet-looking man, there being no cabs in sight, where the Hotel du Chapon Fin might

(*Continued on page 24*)

be, and how it was that Bordeaux was entirely without the look of strained anxiety, which is the one marked feature on all faces everywhere in France. He told me. He only told me for about forty minutes, because I jumped on to a tramway then, but I supplemented his information from other sources to whom I had introductions, and now I think I really know. The simple fact of the matter is that Bordeaux has never been as prosperous as it is now.

❋

WHEN, two years ago, a large number of influential Parisians suffered from frozen feet, Bordeaux became the capital of France for a few hectic weeks. The invasion sent the spirits of the inhabitants up with a bound, and their spirits and prices have been terrifically high ever since. But then, you see, in Bordeaux they don't know what a Zeppelin is, they get fresh bread and rolls and *croissants* daily for their breakfasts, they are doing more business than any other port in France, they are looking forward to a record wine year, the town is filled with visitors, there is no curfew, and the principal outward and visible sign of the war is that they cannot telephone from Bordeaux to Paris without special permission. Well—I mean, you know; Samoa, isn't in it, what?

THERE is one thing I said to the first Englishman I met here, to whom I brought a letter of introduction. "Nobody whines about the war in Bordeaux, do they?" I asked. He misunderstood me. "Come out to lunch and see," he said. There was good news that day, and I thought that must be why the two elderly gentlemen who were lunching at the next table had four bottles of wine and four big claret glasses in front of them. I suggested it. "Oh, no," said my friend, who knows his Bordeaux, as he knows his own pocket and those of a good many other people, "oh, no—they have only just begun their lunch, you see." And before long I saw how right he was, and there was seven bottles on the table. All the wining in Bordeaux is done quite "h'lessly."

❋

BUT your Bordelais doesn't drink his wine up. He always leaves the lees at the bottom. Incidentally, no Bordelais is ever drunk. One of them complained to me the other day of the insufficient width of the little street in which my hotel is situated. "Rather early, isn't it?" I said. "*Ah, non!*" he replied, "I was not drunk my dear. *I had tasted wine!*" *Et voilà!* All Bordeaux was in that little sentence, and I am sure that the real Tartarin really came from this neighbourhood. But the only things which absolutely lose their heads in Bordeaux are, I am credibly informed, the sardines.

❋

MIND you, the visitor to Bordeaux naturally only sees the bubbles on the top of the wine. He sees prosperous shops doing an enormous business, he sees acres of barrels of wine, boxes of sardines, and goods of all kinds on the quays, he finds every hotel packed He sees restaurants crammed and huge crowds cramming themselves in them. He cannot go to bed later than Bordeaux does, at least, I couldn't, and I tried quite hard.

❋

THE streets at night are as bright as Piccadilly Circus was in 1913, and although he must, as I did, at intervals during my stay, buy the daily paper, he buys it not so much for the news as to ascertain whether in spite of appearances, the year is really 1916. Yes—two years, a month, and several days added to my youth! That's what Bordeaux has done for me in one week-end. A rest cure! *Je sourirais!*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"The visitor sees acres of barrels of wine, boxes of sardines, etc., on the quays"

The Teutonic Leaning Tower

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has stood for some hundreds of years, but it is built on a better foundation than the Tower of Teutonic ambition, which is based on the rather subversive principle of its foundation desiring to come out on top

The Pain that is All

Mr. Dowd's sketches give a good idea of the general cheeriness of our "woundeds" and of the care
amusement, and they enjoy the time spent in recovering from their wounds far more tha

is All But a Pleasure

' and of the care and attention which they receive. Their natural high spirits find vent in all kinds of unds far more than one would have thought possible, considering their physical disabilities

The Man's Girl

by Ephemera

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"Many waiting to be called but few chose."

The Pre-Matrimonial Lottery

MASCULINE tastes in women has always been the great subject of interest to the female sex, and very reasonably so, since marriage always has been, and I suppose always will be, regarded as the feminine career *par excellence*. It used to be the only one unless a woman took the veil, and in spite of modern innovations it still tops the list. It may be a case of many waiting to be called and few chosen, but that, after all, is like any other lottery. If you take a ticket you inevitably cherish some hope of winning a prize, and the mere fact of being born a woman constitutes you a ticket-holder in the pre-matrimonial lottery.

❀ ❀

The Mother of King Lemuel

A MAN'S estimate of female worth and attractions differs very perceptibly from a woman's. To realise this you have only to think of the sort of girl a man's mother would like him to marry and compare her with the damsel who engages his young affections. History does not relate whether King Lemuel espoused the notable housewife whose worth, in his mother's eyes, was so far above rubies, but I rather think the good lady must have been disappointed in her daughter-in-law. Young men, as a class, do not seem wildly enthusiastic about the nice, thoroughly sensible girls their mothers wish them to marry. An eloquent pair of eyes, a pretty skin, and a guilelessly frivolous manner go a great deal further where a young man is concerned than all the estimable and housewifely qualities put together. Widowers may be otherwise inclined—but then they know.

❀ ❀

The Butterfly

MARRIAGE to a widower is not so much an adventure as a business proposition; he looks for comfort rather than speed and the advantages of a well-kept house outweigh in his mind all the possible attractions of moonlight romance. What the average young man wants is something pretty to play with, something bright and lively and elusive—and at the same time rather clinging. He wants to combine the rôles of butterfly-chaser and conquering hero; he demands to be amused, stimulated, and flattered in his self-esteem.

"Fall victims to the first kittenish thing with a roving eye"

❀ ❀

The Fate of Convictions

AT least, judging from appearances, that is what one would think he wants; as a matter of fact, I am not so sure that he knows himself. He follows instinct rather than conviction—indeed, instinct has been known to play the dickens with the sagest and best-settled of convictions. Everyone has heard young men lay down the law about what sort of girl they will marry—quite oblivious, apparently, to whether they themselves possess excellences anything like equivalent to those demanded—but that is a very different matter. And then, after having drawn the picture of a paragon, they fall victims to the first kittenish thing with a roving eye that comes their way.

❀ ❀

The "Little Girl"

WOMEN, particularly those of fairly mature years, are often heard to wonder what any man can see in "that feather-pated, silly little girl," the silly little girl in question being the centre of a group of male admirers. Dear ladies, what "any man" sees and admires is the youth and freshness, of which silliness and fluffiness are, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be the hall-mark. Also, "any man" feels his manliness to be enhanced by contrast with the fluffiness and exaggerated femininity of the "little girl." Her capriciousness lends an increased value to his assumption of masculine stability. In humouring her, running her errands, gratifying her fancies, he gains a comfortable sense of superiority—raised to the *n*th

(*Continued on page 30*)

Furs

AND HOW PARIS WEARS THEM

A NEW COSSACK TOQUE IN FUR, EMBROIDERED WITH THE BEADWORK SO CHARACTERISTIC OF THE RUSSIAN STYLE

Photographs

RUSSIAN SABLES SEEN IN THEIR MOST PERFECT FORM

Wyndham, Paris

ERMINE, MOLESKIN, AND SEALSKIN, COMBINED WITH BEAUTIFUL EFFECT

Winter may have its disadvantages, but to the feminine heart the opportunity it affords for wearing furs is no small compensation. Extraordinarily becoming, and extraordinarily expensive—could there be a more delightful combination? Paris still sets the fashion in the way of wearing them ; and our pictures show the very latest edict of style

THE MAN'S GIRL (*concluded from page 28*)

power if incidentally he manages to cut out one or more rivals.

❋ ❋

Sentimental Bumblepuppy

IT is all great fun, the greatest fun in the world, a game full of excitement and of infinite possibilities,

"Wondered what any man can see in that feather-headed silly little girl"

in which the winner appears to the greatest imaginable advantage in his own eyes, and, he naturally assumes, in those of his partner and adversary. Clearly it is not a game that appeals very much to mothers of "sensible" girls, or to serious-minded damsels themselves, even barring cases where the grapes are sour, though where expert, scientific flirtation is concerned experience tells every time. Few novices, no matter how naturally endowed, can compete with the experienced flirt of many seasons, the young married woman, or gay widow. But if it is only a question of frivolous flirtation or sentimental bumblepuppy the pretty fluffy little thing wins hands down. Kittenishness sits ill on maidens or matrons of riper years, and kittenishness is the trump card in bumblepuppy.

❋ ❋

Points of the Game

IT is not an intellectual game—no girl with a tinge of the blue stocking, especially if that tinge be allowed to appear on the surface, has the ghost of a chance. Little tricks of allurement apart, it is chiefly an affair of cross-questions and crooked answers, the sillier the better, so long as they are light-hearted, vivacious, and provocative of laughter. The whole thing is a contest of vitality, not of mind. Good temper counts, of course, but bright eyes and a seductive smile are worth more than wit. It does not much matter what the plaything says as the naughty or charming way she says it—and, above all, how she looks.

The Sensible Girl's Innings

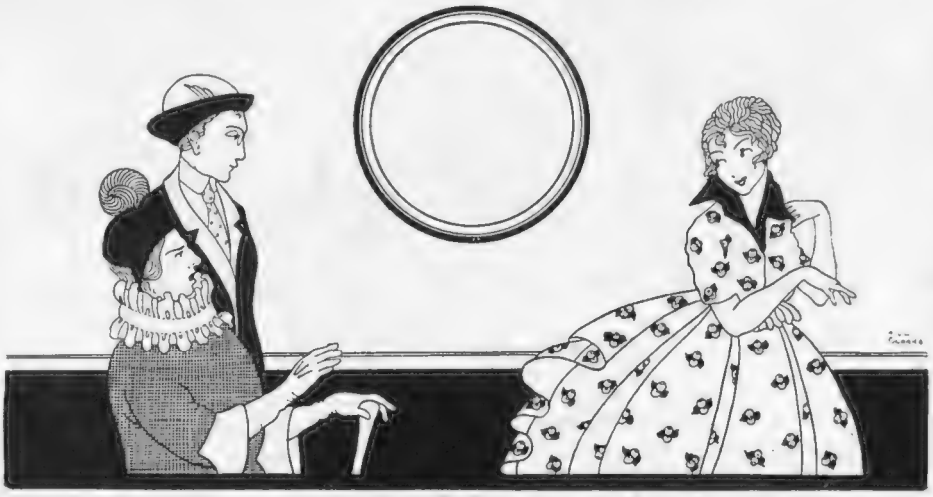
IT is the game of youth, but since the rest of life, particularly after marriage, bears the same relation to a game as roast beef does to *hors d'œuvre*, there is much to be said in favour of trial marriage—or, at least, trial engagements. One ought to be able to try a diet before settling down to it for the rest of one's existence. If a man could naturally and blamelessly satiate his hunger for adventure and fluff in a series of purely frivolous engagements he would probably settle down later to the serious battle of marriage with a woman of the type described by the mother of King Lemuel—the type dear to all mothers of marriageable sons. At least, some men would. Then the sensible girls might, perhaps, get their innings, and all would be better in this very far from the best of all possible worlds. Fluffiness is agreeable enough in the early or even the later twenties, but unless lived with more substantial qualities it is apt to wear thin in the end—and you can't keep on playing for ever with the same partner: that means war, not sport.

EFEMERA

ENVOI

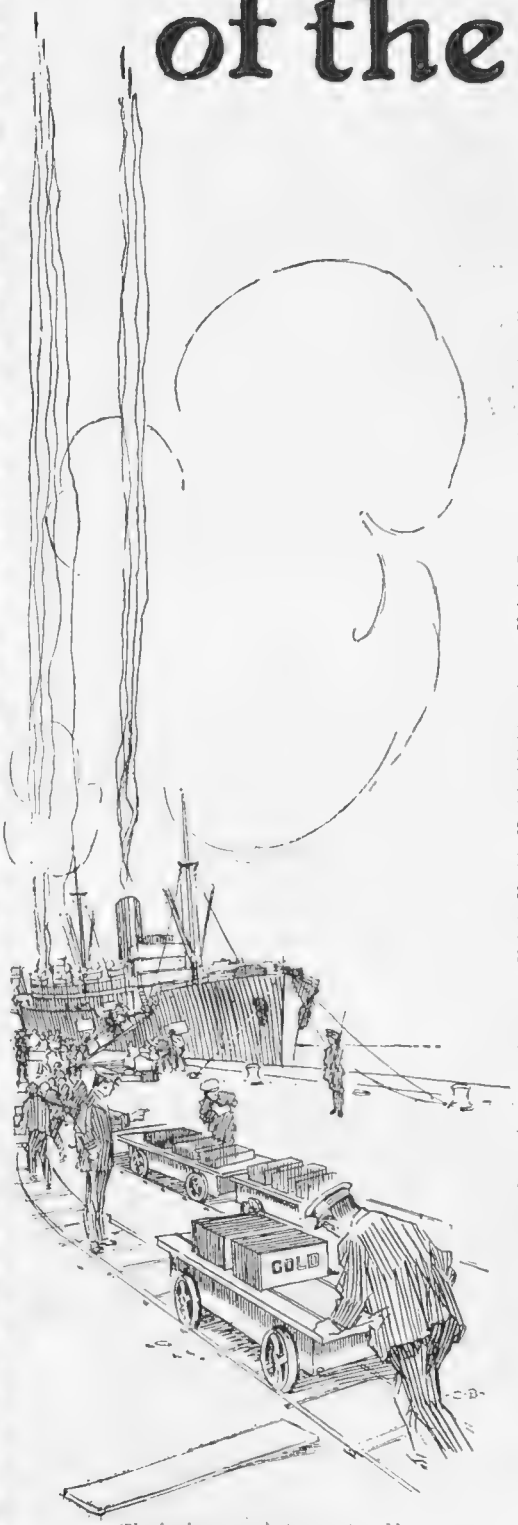
MAMMA (*loq.*): My son, beware!
This fluffy dove,
Frisky but fair,
You should not love:
Oh, choose that sensible Miss Brown,
On her I'd never, never frown:
A most delightful wife
To regulate your life—
She's really very nice.
Now, do take my advice!

SON (*loq.*): Mamma! Don't frown!
I really can't!
Your dear Miss Brown
Might be my aunt!
She may be "sensible" enough—
I like a little bit of fluff.
A pair of sparkling eyes,
A kittenish surprise,
A pretty curly head—
Yes! that's the girl I'll wed! F. R.B.



"The little girl"

sending gold out of the country?



The foreign manufacturer gets gold.

The man who buys a foreign-made fountain pen is paying away gold, even if the money he hands across the counter is a Treasury note.

The British shop may get paper; the foreign manufacturer gets gold for all the pens he sends over here.

What is the sense of carrying an empty sovereign purse in one pocket if you put a foreign-made fountain pen in another?

It isn't as though foreign pens were better. The finest fountain pen ever made—the Self-filling Safety Onoto—is British from nib to cap. There is no foreign pen of which you can truthfully say—as you can of the Onoto—that it fills itself, cleans itself, never leaks in any position, never "sweats" ink, enables you to regulate the ink flow and is always ready to write. Some foreign pens have some of these advantages. Only the Onoto Self-filling Safety has them all.

Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pens at all Stationers, etc., from 12/6 *upwards. Also Onoto-Valveless, for those who do not want a Self-filling Safety Pen, from* 10/6 *upwards.*

the British Pen is the Onoto

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, E.C.

"Die Irdische Hölle"

BY AN AMERICAN BYSTANDER FROM BERLIN

THE American Bystander in enemy States has been through *die irdische Hölle*. The Hell on Earth! The Hell on Earth is not a Prussian prison camp, but—according to first-hand German testimony—the frontier station between Prussia and Denmark.

THE American Bystander decided to get out of Germany in the pleasantest possible way; and as he was once a minor Consular official, he got a most promising permit from Wilhelmstrasse in addition to his police permit and his thrice-stamped passport. The permit was headed *Reisepasse*; it had an eagle with a mitre over its head on top, the signature Schmidt-Dargidt below, and between these a demand to civil and military officials to let the bearer travel "without let or hindrance." *Frei und ungehindert!* The American Bystander's Consul-General patted him on the back, and said, "You will be treated like an Ambassador."

HAVING business in North Germany, the American Bystander joined the Hamburg-Copenhagen train at Schleswig. The first words he heard aboard were *die irdische Hölle!* They came from a Mecklenburger who was adumbrating the frontier examination scenes. The train held thirty odd (very odd) Germans, a Dane, some Swedes, and an American, who fought shy of the American Bystander because he got in at suspicious Schleswig. All these were males. There were four females, all German and all rotund to an extent that denied Britain's blockade. The Dane and the Swedes were in good humour. The Germans were glum.

THE Germans described the New Rules. The New Rules of August '16 differ from the Old in that every traveller, German or neutral, who is not a full-blown diplomat is stripped to the skin. The American Bystander saw the Rules in the Berlin Police Presidency. They authorise the frontier authorities "to examine the mouth and feet, to make lift the arms, and in case of ladies to take down the hair." For special cases there were other *Bestimmungen* which need not be specified.

THE Hell on Earth is well arranged. First there is a big bare office with two officials and endless Landsturmers, and behind the office is a corridor with four cubicles. The office has a portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm in a very badly made uniform. The Landsturm men must have stripped him of his well-made uniform. When the American Bystander's name was called out he showed his *Reisepasse*, and prepared to be treated like an Ambassador. Instead he was led between two Landsturm men to a cubicle. He protested. One Landsturm man went back, and returned with the news that the eagled paper "gave only the same rights as other travellers have. *Bitte auszukleiden!*"

WHILE the American Bystander was undressing he examined the cubicle. This cubicle, and presumably all the others, had a big pigeon-hole in front, and from behind came the noise of men at work. Nothing could be seen. The meaning of the pigeon-hole is this. If the examining Landsturm man, after searching pockets and patting lining, finds a garment suspicious, he opens the pigeon-hole and pitches the garment to officials, who have special means of finding out what is inside. The officials may rip up a seam, investigate the inner soul of a lump of padding, and even may—as they sometimes do—confiscate a doubtful pair of trousers, and give you a Landsturm pair instead.

AFTER the American Bystander had been stripped and all his garments felt for plans and 42cm. mortars, he was marched by the two Landsturm men through to the train. There he got both his passport and his private papers; but the *Reisepasse* disappeared. The Dane and the Swedes arrived in good humour, and the Germans arrived grumbling. One declared as reason that his hair had been ruffled by a searcher. Last of all came the four ladies. Rumour says they were stripped by members of their own sex.

ON the way to Vamdrup, the Danish station, everyone said that the search was absurd. Nobody had tested the ladies' linen for plans in invisible ink. The Dane said the search was not for military plans. "They must search luggage and people to prevent the smuggling out of products which Germany needs." "What products?" said one of the Germans. "Fat, for instance," said the Dane. Looking at the four rotund German ladies, the American Bystander wondered whether Germany really prohibits the export of fat.

MORE FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

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DORAKLEEN BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD.

OF the Dorakleen preparations for Toilet and other use it is impossible to speak too highly, as they are one and all distinguished by the purity of their ingredients and the swiftness of their effect. Chief amongst these is naturally the world-renowned Dorakleen Skin Food, which not only improves a good skin, but also clears a bad one of all impurities, and has a most beautifying result on every skin. This particular Face Cream is almost unique in its stimulating properties, and, even when used for the first time, quickly manifests its excellence by imparting a velvety softness and clear lustre to the complexion which gives it a really healthful charm. No apparatus of any kind is needed for use with Dorakleen Skin Food, neither does it require any violent rubbing in, as its own action is a sufficiently potent aid to beauty. The woman who adopts it as the basis for all her Beauty Treatments will assuredly retain her youthful appearance in spite of the wear and tear of modern life. Dorakleen Skin Food is used by Society women all over the world, and thousands of lady travellers can testify that one of its most admirable characteristics is that of keeping its firm consistency even when exposed to tropical heat.

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A COSY CHAIR

EMINENTLY suitable for the use of a lady in sitting-room, boudoir, or bedroom. Very delicately shaped with draught-excluding wings, and fine upholstering at once soft and durable. Covered in Cretonne.

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that gives and maintains the health, strength and efficiency of the worker

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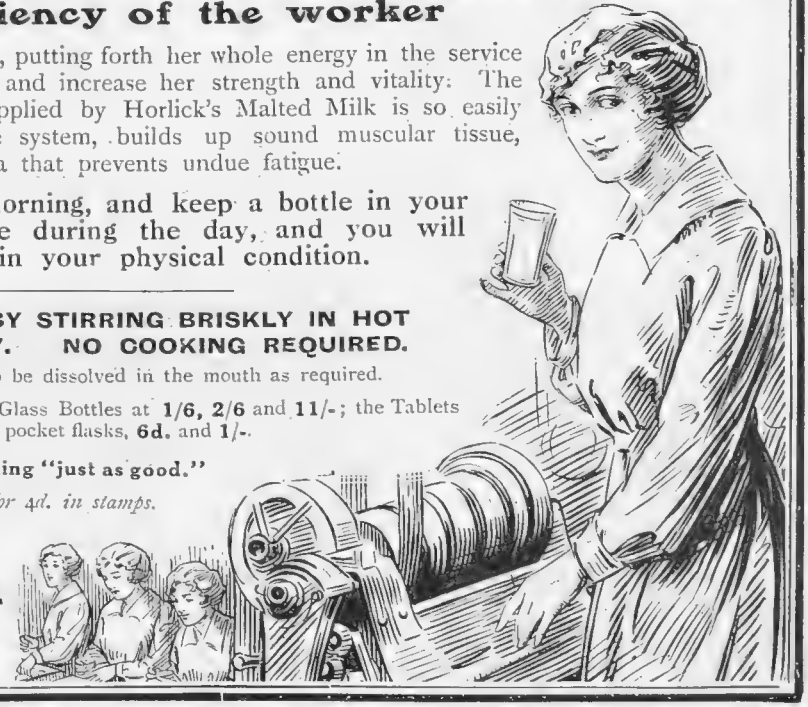
Take a glass night and morning, and keep a bottle in your locker at the works for use during the day, and you will quickly note the difference in your physical condition.



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Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles at **1/6, 2/6** and **11/-**; the Tablets also in convenient pocket flasks, **6d.** and **1/-**.

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Liberal sample bottle sent post free for 4d. in stamps.

Sole Manufacturers:

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.

SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

BELLICOSITIES

THAT (very) Prussian deputy who has been denouncing the call for "an honourable peace," and asserting that "what he wants is a German peace," should at least find comfort in the obvious impossibility of any confusion between the two.

HOPE Von Scheer enjoyed the sting in the tail of the Imperial decree thanking the dock-workers for renovating the battered High Seas Fleet. Everything, said the All-Hunnest, has been restored "so that last week the Fleet could already have executed a searching attack on the enemy." We call that "real nasty!"

VON BISSING'S order to the women relatives of German officers and men to leave Belgium is not as heartless as it sounds, since there is every reason to anticipate that the separation will not be a long one.

THE drastic cutting-down of the pay of all German officers looks rather as if the Kaiser contemplated adopting the system of payment by results. If that is, indeed, the idea, the Hun hunger-strikers of the near future are not likely to be confined to the civilian population.

IN explanation of the poor success of the new German war-loan, it is said that the people are beginning to fear national bankruptcy. They don't even seem reassured by the discovery that nowadays they can count upon continual British, French, and Russian "advances."

NO fewer than fifty per cent. of our criminals are said to be now serving with the colours. But, even so, we must always remain at a hopeless disadvantage as regards this section of our forces, when fighting such an enemy as the Germans.

AN aggrieved music-hall manager, on reading that the Bishop of Drama had been captured and silenced, is understood to have demanded why, in that case, the Bishop of Variety Theatres is still permitted to talk at large?

LORD HAWKE is of opinion that, as one result of the all-round reformation produced by the war, "betting should stop." With no desire to discourage these visions of Utopia, we are open to bet him any amount that it won't.

IF our fussy economists had an elementary sense of humour, they would hardly be adjuring us to "burn less coal" at a moment when all but millionaires are wondering whether, at threatened winter prices, they will be able to burn any at all.

IT is said that the military authorities do not know how to deal with the Wiltshire giant, who stands 7ft. 10in. in his socks. Of course, it is a tall order, but sedentary work at home seems indicated. He might fan the flies off Mill Hill.

THE lady who advertises that she "will give black boy kitten to kind home," would, no doubt, define "kind" home as one in which there were no she tom-boys.

A COMMINATION SERVICE

DOCTOR: "Did he take the medicine I prescribed for him religiously?"
NURSE: "No, sir; he swore every time"

The actual bottle is full size—6 to the gallon

I am "persona grata" to people of culture

I AM only a bottle, but I come with the credentials of over two hundred years My patrons are the noble and the gentle, for whose refreshment and delight my contents—

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

has always been distilled. I am the appropriate custodian of this, the finest age-mellowed Scots Whisky.

It is scarce. It cannot be obtained by casual request, but in first-class places it may always be had. No words can do justice to this matchless Scots Whisky. Draw the cork and the whisky will sing its own praises.

Send for a sample dozen. The Government require you to pay in advance, so send your cheque for 66/- for a case of one dozen to your Wine Merchant, or

GET ME AT

PRINCES.
CAFE ROYAL.
TROCADERO.
THE PICCADILLY.
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Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

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THE fragrance, so lasting, rich and pervasive, is the triumphant quality of Yardley's Eau de Cologne. Only the pure and perfect essence can produce it. Ask for "Yardley's."

The name is your guarantee of quality.

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Of all high-class Chemists and Stores.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Theodore & Co." at the Gaiety Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is one of the usual Gaiety successes. Everything proceeds, as the German bulletins put it, according to plan. Having had the good fortune to discover what the public want, the management of the Gaiety supplies the goods with an almost mechanical regularity. Thus there is Mr. Grossmith in the usual high spirits, with his chorus of young and lovely girls; and there is the usual low comedian to give a touch of burlesque to the whole and to emphasise the fact that it is only being done for fun, you know.

❋

"THEODORE & Co." are a firm of genial sharpers who live by their wits. The head of the firm is Lord Theodore Wragge, whose chief anxiety is to be able to get money enough to cover his current expenses. And so say all of us! When, for instance, his uncle, the Duke of Shetland, invites Theodore to Shetland House, and tells him he may bring his friends, the firm of Theodore & Co. get very busy. They print tickets of admission to the ducal domain, and since most people dearly love a lord—to say nothing of a duke—the tickets sell like hot cakes at prices ranging from a ten-pound note to the humbler guinea. Much fun is derived from the fact that this promiscuous distribution of favours results in the introduction of all sorts of unlikely people into the sacred precincts of Shetland House, to the bewilderment of the Duke and his more welcome guests. As, however, all these strange people bring their music with them, as it were, they are distinctly acceptable from the point of view of the audience.

❋

THE Gaiety management have scored distinctly by placing the low comedy of the piece in the hands of Mr. Leslie Henson, who, as far as I know, is a newcomer to the London stage. Mr. Henson is a comedian of infinite resource, with numerous "gags" and any amount of quaint business calculated to raise a laugh in the most austere among the audience. Mr. Henson begins with a sparkling duet with Miss Peggy J. Kurton (who contributes liberally to the dainty humour of the song), which is all about the boy who is the sort of a kind of a boy for her. There is nothing in the song itself, but the singing is quite delightful, and the encores are many and enthusiastic. Mr. Grossmith makes a distinct hit with his first song, "Every Little Girl Can Teach Me Something," a homely truth that is keenly appreciated by the audience. The men smile at the memory of past lessons of the kind and the hope of future ones; while every lady knows that she is specially gifted in the art of imparting rare and exclusive knowledge to a mere man, if she should be disposed to be so condescending.

SINGING "365 DAYS"

One of the biggest successes in 'Theodore & Co."

❋

MISS JULIA JAMES, as the Hon. Sapphire Blissett, represents a lively young lady with an abnormal craving for celebrity. Her husband is a man of means, but is not otherwise distinguished, and she would so like him to be a Cabinet Minister or somebody of that kind, who is talked about a good deal. When she finds he is not the sort of man who is likely to achieve fame in any direction she is reduced to trying to get him some kind of Government job that will keep him away from home a good deal. She rather fancies an appointment in China! We gather she hopes to profit by his absence by having more leisure to cultivate the acquaintance of men who are really prominent; and, indeed, she has already gone so far as to make an assignation with the Rt. Hon. the Minister of Movies, a part that is very well acted by Mr. Fred Leslie. The flirtation carried on is of course, the lightest nonsense possible, and most delicately amusing.

❋

A DEVELOPMENT of the plot concerns the Duke himself, whose daughter, Lady Pansy, has been caught flirting with a handsome foreigner, Cosmo Legallos (Mr. Henri Leoni). The Duke has impounded a snapshot of his daughter and Cosmo in a punt together, and displays suitable wrath accordingly. But here "Theodore & Co." come on the scene with their helpful bluff. They persuade the Duke that the photograph he has seen is not that of his daughter, but of a famous music-hall star, who will be pleased to meet him at her flat during the afternoon. All this leads up to a grand performance at the New Casino, which concludes a most hilarious entertainment. As will be seen, the story of the play is superficial to a degree; but it is all light-hearted fun, and should suit the patrons of the Gaiety for some time to come.

JINGLE

"Eciruam" Reg.

GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS ENTIRELY WITHOUT FASTENERS.

PUT ON AND TAKEN OFF IN A MOMENT.

THE
IDEAL GOWN

Specially suited to present-day requirements. The greatest revelation in woman's dress of the century. Equally charming and successful as

DAY, TEA, DINNER, REST, OR BOUDOIR GOWNS

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For the Comfort of our Soldiers

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Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 25/-

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Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement. The lining absorbs all perspiration.

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Send him a "Decca"—Theatre, Music Hall, Concert Room and Band in one. Then he will have entertainment of the most varied kind ever at his command. And the whole of the ship's company can enjoy it.

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THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

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£4 10s. 0d.	**£5 10s. 0d.**	**£8 8s. 0d.**

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For all grey and fading tresses this scientific Radium preparation is an absolute cure, restoring to your hair, however grey and faded, all the rich and natural colour that it originally possessed. Also for making the hair beautifully soft, glossy, and free from scurf. Highly recommended by all sections of the Press.

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HELEN CAVENDISH,

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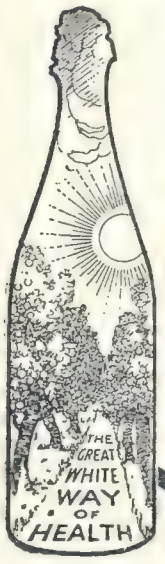
Insist on Caradium (Regd.) Preparations.



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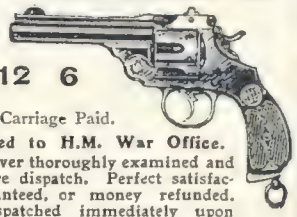

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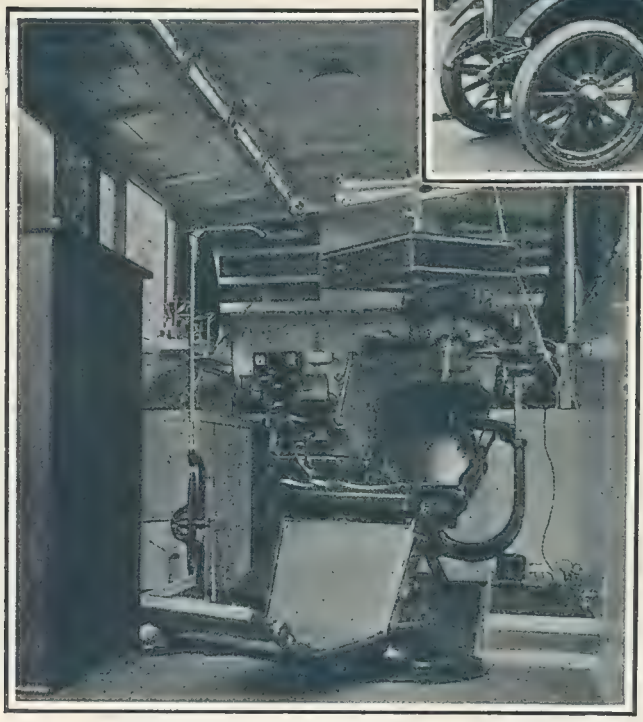
Merry Music at the Gaiety

Messrs. Harwood and Grossmith's new musical play, "Theodore & Co.," provides the tuneful songs, pretty sets, and bright dialogue usually associated with productions at this home of musical comedy

A British Motor Dental Ambulance

A Novelty for the Front



THERE was exhibited in St. James's Square on Friday and Saturday week the first British dental motor ambulance, ready equipped for use at the Front. The enormous part played by dentistry in securing and maintaining good health among our soldiers is not sufficiently appreciated, and Mr. H. E. Sykes Brown, the man who has provided such a contrivance as is shown in the photographs herewith, has performed a great public service. A former civil servant, he has, since the war, devoted himself exclusively to Army dentistry. Our photographs show the exterior of the Civil Service dental motor ambulance and the interior ready for service.

Wilson & Gill

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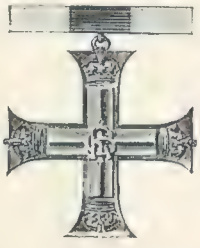
No. 603—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Pendant, £2 15 0. As Brooch, £3



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THESE MINIATURES OF THE MILITARY CROSS ARE MADE IN SOLID 18ct. GOLD, FRONTED WITH PURE PALLADIUM.

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By a new scientific method, known as the Hystogen Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in a few minutes. The face after the treatment is years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, and the contour of your youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injection. The Hystogen method has superseded all old time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either the result of age or any other cause. One call, and you leave without a trace of the former defects on your face.

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The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless, and does not leave any marks.

Ugly Frown Furrows	Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows	Drooping Mouth Corners
Mouth-to-Nose Lines	Hollow Cheeks	Exaggerated Expression Furrows
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids	Imperfect Facial Contour	Imperfect Nose
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Warts, Red Veins, Moles	Unrefined Complexion	Outstanding Knuckle & Ankle
Superfluous Hair (painless)	Prominent Collar Bones	Large Pores, Freckles, etc.
Red Nose Blotches	Sagging Cheeks or Face	
Baggy Chin Flabby Neck	Projecting Ears	

Unsightly noses are permanently corrected in one visit of a few minutes.

If you are unable to call for a free consultation, write without delay for the booklet, "Facial Perfection" (which will be sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for stamps), and learn how extremely easy it is to rid yourself of the defects which detract from your appearance. Hours from 10 to 5, or by special appointment.

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THE BURFRON has two buttons only—one at the waist and one at the collar. The belt, which enhances its distinguished appearance, can be dispensed with if desirable.

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"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Advance in Prices.

ON AUGUST 1st, 1916, the price of "VIYELLA" was advanced to the public.

Reluctant as we, the spinners and manufacturers of "Viyella," were to take the step, the high prices which now have to be paid for raw material and everything else incidental to the production of the cloth, really left us no option in the matter.

According to competent authorities, the average cost of clothing materials has advanced 55 per cent. since the beginning of the War. "Viyella," however, costs only about a third more than it did just before the War, not an important advance when everything is taken into account, and certainly not in comparison with most other fabrics. "Viyella" wears and washes so well that it is always cheap in the long run.

"Viyella" Shirts can be obtained in regulation khakis and greys, and both Shirts and Pyjamas in plain cream and a wide range of smart stripes of all high-class Outfitters.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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Books of the Week

SOME NOVELS AND POEMS

Contemporary Fiction

JUST how the war is going to affect new fiction is still one of those questions about which it is still unsafe to prophesy. Certain brands, of course, will go on until Doomsday. The detective story is good for another century at least, and probably that new monstrosity the cinema-serial will "carry on" until something even less literary takes its place. There will be women writers, no doubt, to continue their propaganda for the "freedom" of their own sex under the guise of fiction—they make rather dull reading now, by the way, when women are doing such splendid work for their "lords and masters"—and there is no reason why the historical novel should ever die out.

Compromise

But it is just about the novels of modern manners that the difficulty arises. You may ignore the war altogether and continue in the old order of things, and disarm criticism by carefully starting off with some such sentence as: "It was a warm September evening in 1907," which will give you a clear run of seven years for your characters to develop. (And seven years should be quite enough.) Or you may write a full-blooded war-yarn, with spies and wireless and a spicing of V.C.'s. Or, if you are a very wise novelist, you may hold your pen awhile, and be content to "wait and see." At the moment a compromise between the two first alternatives seems to be most popular.

"The New Breed"

Take, for instance, a particularly good novel which illustrates this compromise. The beginning of Mr. Andrew Firth's *The New Breed* (Fisher Unwin: 6s.), holds no suggestion of the war. You learn how a British naval officer has married a young Australian girl, who on coming to England finds the rather stiff, old-fashioned life of the country not very much to her liking. In fact, poor Stephen Cunningham's wife is a wife only in name. True, there is a rather suspicious person called Martin English, who marries the Australian's sister, and a mysterious shed for aeroplanes is erected on the Cunningham estate. But Mr. Firth, you may fancy, has set himself out to tell an old story of the rebirth of love. Yolande will come round in due course. There will be misunderstandings and troubles, and, perhaps, even a divorce, and then the strong, silent sailor will be there to claim his bride. But there comes that Something Else. We suddenly hear of Franz-Ferdinand's death, and know that the war is about to alter every one of the characters. And in truth there follows an exciting narrative which in the person of Yolande shows well enough the changed spirit of this country. *The New*

(Continued on page 44)

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's.

O. T. C.

(Confiding Cadet)

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 42)

Breed, in a word, is thoroughly up to date. It goes with a swing, yet bears on every page the graciousness of careful writing. Mr. Firth should have a success with his book.

"Love"

On the other hand, an undoubtedly clever non-war novel like Mr. W. B. Trites's *Love* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) seems to fall rather flat. It may be that it is too American for our present tastes. It may be that it is too hopelessly out of date. When there is only one profession open to a young man in Europe it is rather tiresome to read of this young American's petty vices. But perhaps it is that the Brian Banakers are too unpleasant to count at all to-day, and so Mr. Trites's hero fails to arouse much enthusiasm. The author at times succeeds in being exceedingly vivid, but it must be that this is not the right time for a book like his *Love*.

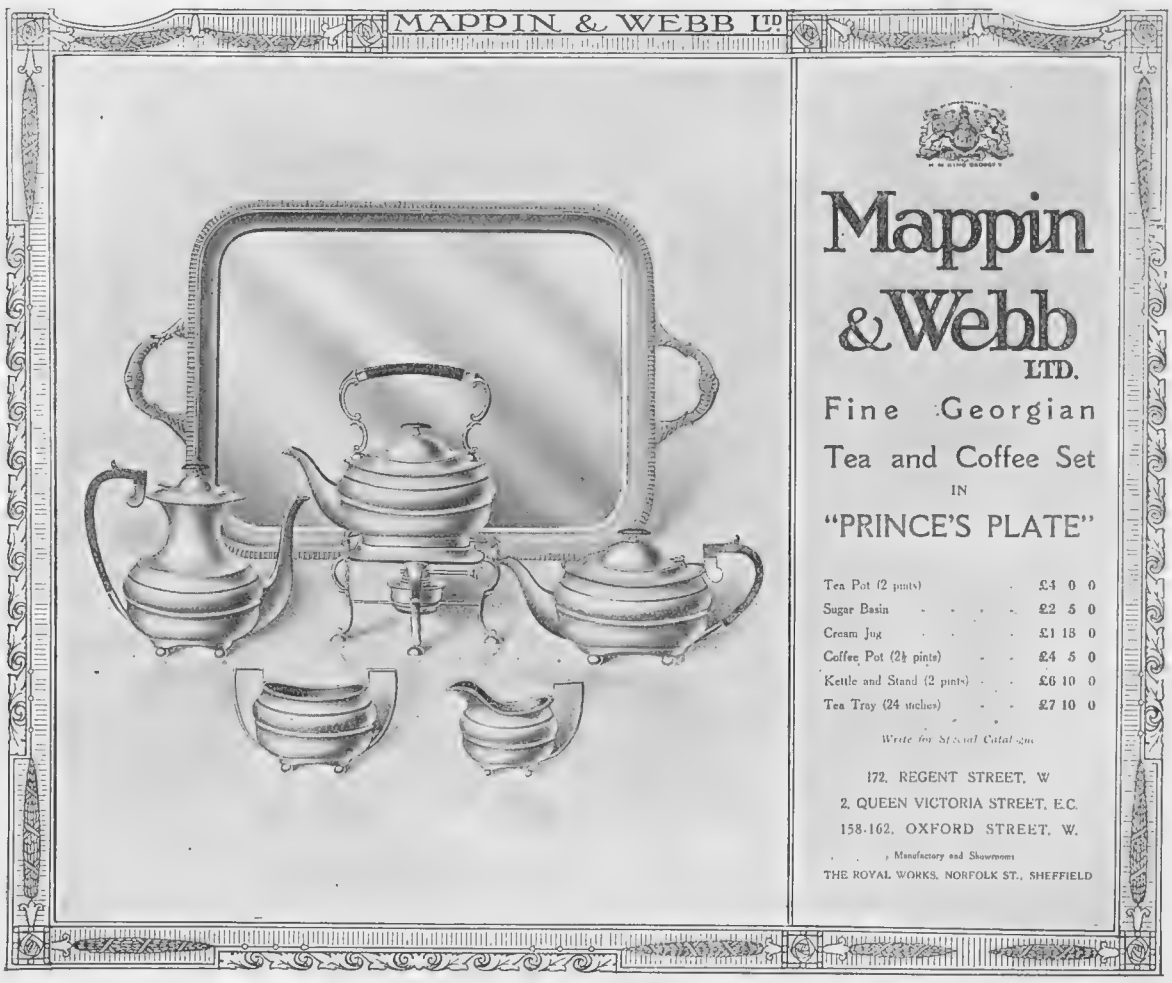
"ANDREW FIRTH"
Whose book, "The New Breed," is here reviewed

Poems

While poor Rupert Brooke's shadow looms so large over the poetical horizon it must not be forgotten that a contemporary and friend of his died about the same time. A lesser poet than he, James Elroy Flecker, likewise found his place amongst those moderns of ours whom the war has helped to bring into prominence. Now you can obtain his *Collected Poems* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) with a wise and kindly introduction by that excellent poet, J. C. Squire. It may be that Flecker's revised version of the National Anthem may not find general favour, but it should certainly be read. It may be that when the Georgian revival of poetry comes to be described in detail Flecker may take a secondary position, but he will certainly be mentioned, and it is pleasant to have his poetical work collected into a single volume. Mr. Secker may be congratulated on his enterprise.

More Poems

Mr. J. C. Squire's own new book of poems is all too slim. *The Survival of the Fittest* (Allen and Unwin: 1*s.* net) is, indeed, well worth buying. "You live with Death: yet over there You breathe a somewhat cleaner air," is the couplet which accompanies the dedication to a friend in the trenches, and it sets the stage, so to speak, for what is to follow. Mr. Squire, as a satirical poet, is just now hard to beat. R. S.



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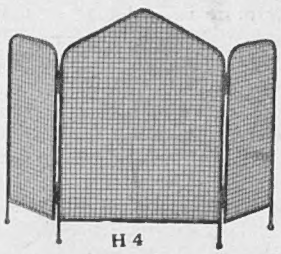
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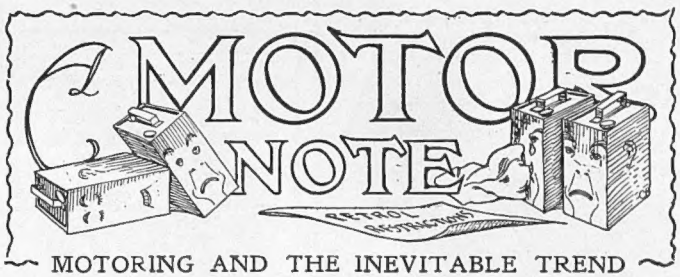

MOTORING AND THE INEVITABLE TREND

Cleaning Up Europe

WE have very little to talk about concerning motor-car development in England, being mainly consumed with the much more urgent job of cleaning up Europe. Nevertheless, I indulge the hope that sufficient latitude is being given British manufacturers to complete their plans for a restart at their old stands directly the war is finished. This seems a matter of pretty violent importance if we are going to overtake development in automobile engineering and are going all-out after, at least, the Empire trade. We shall want this and every other trade we can capture; but particularly this, because herein is not only a highly important industry considered as a factor in the economic scheme of the future, but herein also is an indispensable auxiliary to the efficiency of most other trades.

***

A Matter of Distribution

OUR whole existence depends finally upon means of living; and means of living is largely a matter of distribution. Incidentally, also, our social status and the institutions of social life are finally reducible to terms of transport, by and through which individuals and groups of individuals are brought into social intercourse. But that happens to be a matter which can be discussed at tremendous length, and here I have merely a page, or less. So we will drop it and return to our more immediate "muttons."

***

A Get-Together

I KNOW that some manufacturers have, in fact, had latitude allowed by the Department of Munitions, and have, in fact, advanced their plans in readiness for production directly military exigencies allow. Others are rather badly handicapped, largely because they are not producing the vehicles for which they were organised, and for which they must again be organised later. If, therefore, a good start on equal terms is to be ensured, special arrangements will certainly have to be made; but that is merely a matter of the manufacturers concerned getting together, not with the idea of stopping those more favourably placed from kicking-off at the first moment possible (it seems most important that any such delay shall be prevented), but rather with the idea of ensuring that such an early kick-off by a section shall not unduly handicap the others who are held back by the conditions imposed by the Minister of Munitions.

***

The Small Market

THAT, however, is not my business. My greater concern is to know that we have absorbed everything the war and war conditions have taught (and war conditions for motor vehicles represent a service test far transcending in value all the other and more spectacular tests of peace time), and are concentrating upon that product, and manufacturing and marketing it upon those lines which have so clearly been indicated during the last few years. That there will be a very considerable market for the comparatively expensive vehicle is as certain as the fact that there will be a considerable number of comparatively wealthy people who can afford to spend comparatively large sums upon their motoring.

***

The Major Demand

BUT the main market will be in the undecorative field of sheer utility. The vehicle required in that field, both here and throughout the Empire, is the inexpensive automobile, costing little to buy and little to run—the pack mule of service. That, clearly, can only satisfactorily be the product

(Continued on page 48)

"IF a man knew what Life was, he would not lightly throw it away!" If motorists knew what life with Warland Dual Rims was they would not throw it away on old methods of tyre change. Fit Warlands and renew your youth.—Warland Dual Rim Co, Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.

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MOTORING (concluded from page 46)

of high concentration and large output. The dissipation of energy and the duplication of plant involved in the manufacture of several kinds of vehicles in the same works are in direct restraint of the development of this quantity car. Up to now, however, although there seems a distinct tendency to reduce the ante-war-time number of car-types per factory, nothing (apart from a few rumours) appears to be in train for the production of the pack-mule car—which is seriously unfortunate.

* * *

An Apparent Contradiction

IN the absence of tell-tale straws in this and other belligerent countries to indicate the trend of motoring development, we have to turn to the land of the wooden nutmeg; and there, quite quaintly, the whole tendency seems to be towards decorative effect. Engine design is little changed. The manufacturers appear to have devoted themselves almost wholly to the improvement of the body. This, however, does not, in fact, conflict with the theory of low-price production as a first essential. It may mean that low cost has already been secured through the standardised production, and that a margin has been left between factory cost and what the market will pay which is being consumed to make the vehicle a more distinctive and arresting and saleable commodity. Or it may be that just as standardised chassis production resulted in the most efficient power plant at the lowest possible price, so standardised body-building can result in infinitely better coachwork and upholstery without increase of cost. That, indeed, is what it amounts to; and that, I suggest, is the standard we have to follow if we are out to compete for the international market. We can do it—most successfully do it; *but* we have to recognise the essentials and we have to possess the commercial courage.

Photograph F. Spalding, Chelmsford

H.M. THE KING

In a Vauxhall "25" at a recent review of the Royal Scots

* * *

A Second-Hand Show

THERE is to be a second-hand motor-car and motor-cycle show at the Agricultural Hall between November 10 and 18. More anon. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

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